Ye Pavilion o' ye Horticultural Gardens.

Friday, ye XXIXth daye in ye month o' April,

A. D. MDCCCLXXXIX.

Ye Bille o' Fare

For ye Metropolitan Meetynge House

Greate Concerte

Given againe by requefte of ye goode people of ye Towne.

Father Helpall Torrington

WILL BEATE YE TYME.

Ye price of this Goodlie Booke is Sixpence.

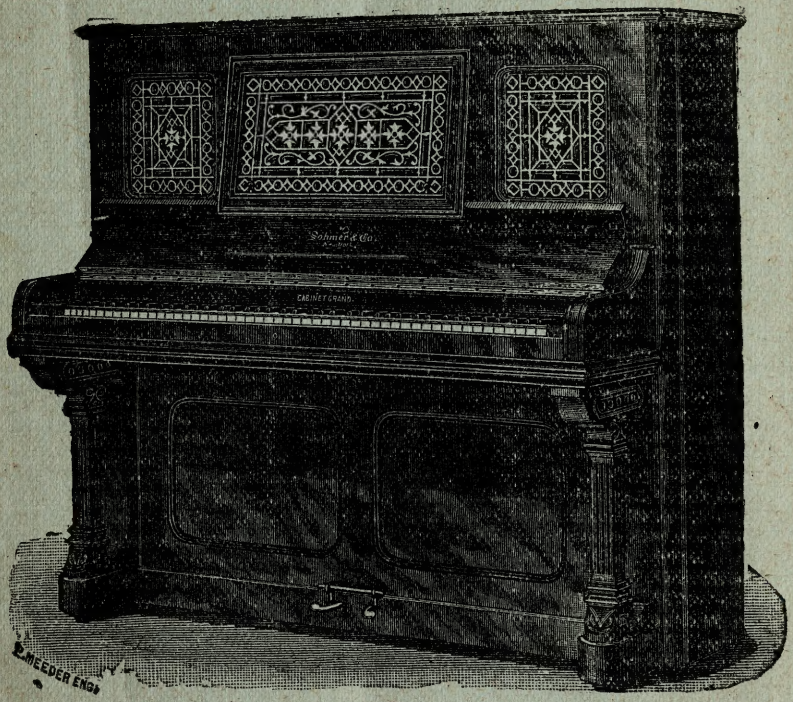
Ye Harpsichord on wh ye musick will be played is made in our Toronto Towne by Mason & Risch, *whose praise is in all ye countrie round about.*

From ye Printing Houfe of one Maſter Williams.

SOHMER NEW YORK

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT

PIANOFORTES



ARE THOROUGHLY FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENTS.

For **TONE AND TOUCH** they are a revelation in pianoforte making, and for extreme beauty of finish, combined with **GREAT DURABILITY**, they stand unrivalled. The **SOHMER & CO.** Pianos are only of the highest class of American manufacture, as regards **QUALITY, REPUTATION AND PRICE.** Catalogue mailed on application. Sole representatives,

I. SUCKLING & SONS,

107 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Ye Wommenne Syngers.

Dame Constant Torrington, Dame Comeagain Clark, Dame Hawthorne Revell, Dame Merriweather Armson, Dame Analizer Greigson, Dame Cheerful Jenking, Dame Sobriety Young, Dame Sprightly Parker, Analysis Edgar, Priscilla Farragher, Agatha Farragher, Farewell Hoidge, Nancy Hoidge, Angelina Scott, Samantha Mitchell, Experience Durham, Stir-around Jones, Bethesda Pringle, Kesiah Myers, Fair-lamb Lawson, Agatha Segsworth, Shortwork Cook, Pemandy Shrigley, Patience Burns, Humility Sheppard, Holdfast Scott, Keepcool Flint, Alleviator Williams, Experience Robinson, Perseverence Hickling, Rose-hanna Shaw, Stoodwell Clark, Hepzebah McClain, Holdfast Sanderson, Mercy Bond, Pineapple Wood, Penelope Crone, Jerusha Sanderson, Georgiana Clarke, Urabel McGolpin, Consolation Somers, Analizer Pinel, Dorcas Boddy, Matilda Levey, Hepsey Taylor, Live-spark Dent, Abigail Pinel.

Ye Menne Syngers.

Alpha Henderson, Joshua Taylor, Eliakim Wilkinson, Lively Little, Obadiah Bickell, Bijah Baker, Longhandle Chambers, Deddypen Mason, Absolam Short, Zebediah Curren, Hercules Young, Allday Anderson, Zip Laidlaw, Takeiteasy Withrow, Blackimer Lovell, Dolittle King, Ichabod Clarke, Overall Shields, Hodijah Forster, Selfdenial Ward, Farewell Sanderson, Longhandle Abbott, Brazilla Wood, Tichicus Ebbels, Seth Parr, Washington DeConde, Disregard Richardson, Zachary Andrews, Eanias Coates, Peregrine Milford, Demetrius Daniel, Walkaround Scott, Allday McConkey, Ebenezer Hanna, Paginini Zeigler, Playfair Chattoe, Eliphalet Clarke, Workhard Rupert, Jonadab Dwyer, Jedediah Forster, Mordeciah Mills, Ketchum Commander, Obadiah Clark, Blackimer Brame, Jeraboam Secord, Meandering Wood, Downtown Phillips, Holdenough Thomas, Obadias Ball, Ezekiel Galloway, Moncrieff Hendershot, Zebediah Snider, Barebones Axworthy, Adlibitum Segsworth, Ahijah Masson, Henadad Rundle, Methuselah McClennan, Omega Stephenson.

PATRIARCH, - - Peregrine Milford.

Demetrius Daniel, - }
Absolam Short, - - } SCRIBISTS.

Lyste of Ye Fiddlers, Harpsichorders, and Other Musicianers.

JEREBOAM ARMSTRONG,
YE TIMER.

Ye Firste Fiddells.

Ezekiel Sanderson.
Jeddediah Mason.
Paginini Peniston.
Goodbye Depew.
Bochanah West.
Obadiah Black.
Haman Bailey.
Mordeciah Davis.
Benjamin Peard.

Ye Second Fiddells.

Bijah Ramsay.
Jonadab Christie.
Blackimer Henderson.
Obadias Howarth.
Washington Sexsmith
Joshuah Stonestreet.

Ye Bigger Fiddells.

Longenough Strathy.
Simeon Spacey.

Ye Greate Fiddells.

Shadrach Vogeley.
Ebenezer Rogers.

PRUDENCE BOUSTEAD,
YE HARPSICHORDER.

Ye Cellos.

Jeremiah Sparrow.
Adlibitum West.

Ye Little Flutes.

Hercules Mason.
Meshach Taylor.

Ye Flutes.

Ahijah Taylor.
Zachary Willmott.
Ichabod Withrow.

Ye Hautboy.

Elephalet Mills.

Ye Pipe.

Hodijah Vann.

Ye Trumpets.

Eliakim Lawson.
Brazilla Lloyd.

Ye Trombone.

Tichicus Pember.

Sundrie Notices.

That ye Olden Time may be trulie pictured, all ye Singers will be dressed up in ye garbs of ye XVII and XVIII Centuries, and ye Bille of Fare will have a greate sorte of quaintlie Musick dishes make up to meet ye wants of ye hungrie and thirstie ones after goodlie things.

Ye Bille of Fare will be printed in a Booke wh ye can get for Sixpence, (10 cts), but ye must all buye one, so as to have it by ye to keepe, and so as to save ye printer from loss.

Ye beadle will keep watche of ye boys and girls, and tap them on ye heads when Satan do tempt them to do wickedlie.

Ye can come in earlie, and ye women-folke can bring their knitting and get refted before ye synging begins.

Ye Conftables and ye Tipstaffs, will keep a sharpe lookout and see to it there is no Courtin or Sparkin going on.

Forafmuch af rational expreffions of approval are seemly when ye succeff of ye synger call it forth, nevertheless Tithingham Henderson will reftrain all undue hilarity, and efpecially whiftling and ftamping of feet by ye rude boyf in ye galleries, wh are unbecoming, and partake of ye flavour of ye wicked play-houfes.

Ye musick critiques of ye towne papers are requefted not to cenfure ye greate plainness of some of ye men and women syngers, remembering that they are not blameable ; for they mayde not themselves.

All thofe wh are so bleffed as to have good lungs and religious training are expected to stand up and help synge ye laft tune.

Between ye Firfte and Seconde Parte, there will be a refting spell for ye Syngers to get their breath, and ye audience may do likewife, and all ye difcreet women wh bringe fryed cakes to ete,are requefted to ete ym now.

Ye younge menne and ye younge maydens are expected to keep their feet still while ye Fiddell is being played.

Waggons and coaches can be brought for ye women folkes at fifteen minutes paft ten of ye clock.

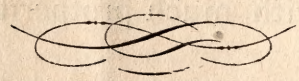
Yemenne and wimmen will be fuffered to sit together. Ye parfon and ye parfon's wife will have front feats, and great refpect muft be fhown them by all ye greate congregation.

When ye fongs be funge for that ye good Queene may be bleffed with much profperity, it is tyme that ye may go home.

N.B.—Ye younge menne who desire to walk home wythe ye younge wimmen will please ask them before ye meetynge begins.

Ye reception of ye old folkes will take place firste, and will commence at half after seven of ye clocke, when Dame Constant Torrington and Deacon Peregrine Milford, will receive ye Syngers who will be presented by ye Chevalier Demetrius Daniel.

Greate respect will be shown to ye noted Syngers and Readists.



Parte Firste.

Ancient Gavotte, ... "MARCH OF YE TROJANS."

BY ALL YE PLAYERS ON YE STRINGS AND PIPES.

a { Song of ye Olden Tyme, - Auld Lang Syne.
b { Fugue Tune, - - - - - —*Montgomery.*

ALL YE MENNE AND WOMENNE SYNGERS.

a—Songe of ye Olden Time, ... AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind:
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and songs of auld lang syne;
For auld lang syne we meet to night, for auld lang syne,
To sing the songs our father's sang in days of auld lang syne.

We've passed through many varied scenes, since youth's unclouded day,
And friends and hopes and happy dreams, Time's hand hath swept away;
And voices that once joined with ours,—in days of auld lang syne,
Are silent now, and blend no more in songs of auld lang syne.

Yet ever has the light of song illumed our darkest hours,
And cheered us on life's toilsome way, and gemmed our path with flowers,
The sacred songs our father's sang, dear songs of auld lang syne;
The hallowed songs our father's sang, in days of auld lang syne.

Here we have met, here we may part, to meet on earth no more,
And we may never sing again the cherished songs of yore,
The sacred songs our father's sang, in days of auld lang syne;
We may not meet to sing again the songs of auld lang syne.

But when we've crossed the sea of life, and reached the heavenly shore,
We'll sing the songs our father's sing, transcending those of yore;
We'll meet to sing diviner strains than those of auld lang syne,
Immortal songs of praise unknown, in days of auld lang syne.

b—Fugue Tune,... ... ..."Montgomery."

Earlie, my God, w'out delay,
I haste to seeke thy face ;
My thirstie spirit faints away
W'out Thy cheering grace.

Ye Bass Syngers.—So pylgrims on ye scorching sand,

Ye Treble Syngers ...So pylgrims one ye scorching sand.

Ye Alto Syngers.....So pylgrims on ye scorching sand.

Ye Tenore Synger.....So pylgrims on ye scorching sand

All ye Syngers.— Beneath a burning skye,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

Two Parte Songe, ... "Ye Olde Brigade."

HENEDAD RUNDLE AND EANIAS COATES.

Where are ye boys of ye Olde Brigade,
Who fought wi' us side by side?
Shoulder to shoulder, and blade by blade,
Fought till they fell and died.
Who so ready and undismayed?
Who so merry and true?
Where are ye boys of ye Olde Brigade?
Where are ye lads we knew?

Then steadily, shoulder to shoulder,
Steadily blade by blade ;
Ready and strong, marching along,
Like ye boys of ye Olde Brigade.

Over ye sea far away they lie,
Far from ye land of their love;
Nations alter, ye years go by,
But Heav'n still is Heav'n above.
Not in ye Abbey proudly laid,
Find they a place or part,
Those gallant boys of ye Old Brigade
They sleep in Old England's heart.
Then steadily shoulder to shoulder, &c.

TUNE ON ye FLUTE,—"Ye Maypole."—*Gratton Cooke.*

By ye noted Fluter,

JOSEPHUS CYRUS ARLIDGE.

---

a { Glee, - Hail Smiling Morn, - —*R. Spofforth.*
b { Fugue Tune, (*in ye Puritan style*) - - "*Russia.*"

ALL YE MENNE AND WOMENNE SYNGERS.

---

a—GLEE, ... "Hail Smiling Morn," ... *R. Spofforth.*

Hail smiling morn, that tips the hills with gold,
Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of day,
Who the gay face of nature doth unfold,
At whose bright presence darkness flies away

b—FUGUE TUNE,... ...(in ye puritan style)... ..."Russia."

False are ye menne o' high degree.
Ye baser sorte are vanitie.

Ye Bass Syngers.—Laid in a balance both appear,
Ye Treble Syngers....Laid in a balance both appear.
Ye Alto Syngers.....Laid in a balance both appear.
Ye Tenore Syngers.....Laid in a balance both appear.
All ye Syngers.—Light as a puff o' e-m-t-i-e aire.

DITTIE,... ... "The Bitter Bit" ... —*Henry Poulet.*

FAIRLAMB LAWSON.

A Cavalier whose looks express'd
Undying love had long pursued me;
But to his comrades he confess'd,
'Twas only for my wealth he wooed me.
I own, quoth he, she's young and fair,
Nor doubt her goodness for a minute;
But little for her love I care,
Although I've done me best to win it.
Her father's purse is all my aim,
So tho' I sigh and feign a flame;
I laugh at love, there's nothing in it.

My cavalier proposed at last,
O give me, dearest, I beseech you
My best reward for all the past,
And what that is your heart will teach you.
I own, good sir, it is but just
Devotion such as yours should win it;
But ere we part as now we must,
Nay! not a word, but list a minute,
Accept for better or for worse,
The prize you seek, my father's purse,
But like your love there's nothing in it.

SPOKE PIECE, (Recital) ... ... "Ye Miser's Fate,"
—Osborne.

By ye noted Readist,
DEMOSTHENES PARR.

A SONGE, ... On ye Rolling Wave," ... *G. Marks*
EANIAS COATES.

A song! a song! with merry ding-dong,
For the sailor bold and brave,
Who loves to roam, the seas among,
Afar on the rolling wave.

When winds blow high he trims the flowing sail,
And gaily steers his barque so free,
With dauntless heart he hails the fresh'ning gale,
For his home is on the deep blue sea.

In storm or calm his watch he'll bravely keep,
While tender thoughts his heart employ,
That nerve his arm as o'er the boundless deep.
He speeds, Ship a-hoy! Ship a-hoy!

A song! a song! with merry ding dong,
For the sailor's lass ashore,
Who'll think of him the waves among,
When the wind and tempests roar.

With a fond farewell she waves a parting hand,
To speed him o'er the waters blue,
And oft she'll pray beside the wave-beat strand,
That Heav'n will bear him safely thro'

For well she knows the dangers of the main,
And how will beat her heart with joy,
When o'er the bay his barque appears again,
With a hoy! land a-hoy! land a-hoy!

A Worldlie Dittie, — " Lo here ye Gentle Lark."

Sir H. R. Bishop.

Words from Willie Shakespeare's Book.

DAME SPRIGHTLY PARKER.

And ye Lark's part will be played on ye Flute by

JOSEPHUS CYRUS ARLIDGE.

Lo here ye gentle Lark, weary of rest,
From hys moist cabinet mounts up on high
And wakes the morning from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in true majesty.

All ye Players on ye Strings and Pipes will finish this parte wi' a greate tune called

Gavote Moderne.

Parte Seconde.

Home Songs.

a—Home Sweet Home, - - - England.
b—Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon, ... Scotland.
c—Ye Last Rose of Summer, . Ireland.
d—Men of Harlech, ... Wales.
e—O Canada, Fair Canada, . . Canada.

BY ALL Ye MENNE AND WOMENNE SYNGERS.

a—Home Sweet Home, ... England.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, Home, sweet sweet Home,
There's no place like Home, there's no place like Home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lonely thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that come at my call,
Give me them with peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, Home, sweet sweet Home,
There's no place like Home, there's no place like Home.

b—Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon, ... Scotland.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye sing, ye little birds,
While I'm sae weary, fu' o' care?
You'll break my heart, ye little birds,
That warble on the flow'ry thorn,
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And hear ilk bird sing o' its love,
As fondly sae I did o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Sae sweet upon the thorny tree;
But my faulse lover stole the rose,
And left the sharpest thorn for me.

---

c—The Last Rose of Summer, ... Ireland.

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred, no rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone.

d—Men of Harlech, ... Wales.

Men of Harlech in the hollow,
Do you hear like rushing billow
Wave on wave that surging follow,
Battle's distant sound.
'Tis the tramp of Saxon foeman,
Saxon spearman, Saxon bowman;
Be they knights, or hinds, or yeoman,
They shall bite the ground.

Loose the folds asunder,
Flag we conquer under,
The placid sky now bright on high,
Shall launch its bolts in thunder.
Onward, 'tis our Country needs us,
He is bravest, he who leads us;
Honour's self now proudly heads us,
Cambria, God, and Right.

Rocky steeps and passes narrow,
Flash with spear and flight of arrow,
Who would think of death or sorrow,
Death is glory now.
Hurl the reeling horsemen over,
Let the earth dead foeman cover;
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,
Trembles on a blow.

Strands of life are riven,
Blow for blow is given,
In deadly lock or battle shock,
And mercy shrieks to heaven.
Men of Harlech, young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story,
Strike for home, for life, for glory,
Cambria, God and Right.

e—O Canada, Fair Canada,... ... ... Canada.

O Canada, fair Canada,
Name ever dear to me;
A home for all who leave the shores,
Beyond the bright blue sea.
We love our land though young it be,
Its sunshine, and its storm,
Its faces fair and hearts sincere,
Affections strong and warm.

CHORUS.

We love our land, we love our flag,
Beyond all others seen,
God prosper our Dominion fair,
Our country and our Queen.

O Canada our birth place dear,
Our home of liberty;
We'll cheer for all, we'll strive for all,
Though young or old be we.
From youth to age we'll love the land,
Which to our father's gave,
The fruits of earnest manly toil,
Of effort strong and brave.

CHO.—We love our land, &c.

O land our father's chose of yore,
What do we owe to thee;
Our homes, our hearts, from thraldom clear,
Each man both bold and free.

CHO.—We love our land, &c.

Tune on ye Strings, Pipes, Harpsichorde, and other kinds of Musick.—March in G.

BY ALL YE MUSICIANERS.

DITTIE,— .. .. "Kitty Tyrrell,"

DAME CHEERFUL JENKING.

You're looking as fresh as the morn, darling,
You're looking as bright as the day;
But while on your charms I'm dilating,
You're stealing my poor heart away.
But keep it, and welcome, Mavourneen,
Its loss I'm not going to mourn;
Yet one heart's enough for one body,
So pray give me yours in return.
Mavourneen, O pray give me yours in return.

I've built me a neat little cot, darling,
I've pigs and potatoes in store;
I've twenty good pounds in the bank, love,
And may be a pound or two more.
It's all very well to have riches,
But I'm such a covetous elf
I can't help still sighing for something,
And, darling, that something's yourself.
Mavourneen, that something, you know, is yourself.

You're smiling, and that's a good sign, darling,
Say yes, and you'll never repent;
Or if you would rather be silent,
Your silence I'll take for consent.
That good natured dimple's a tell-tale,—
Now all that I have is your own,
This week you may be Kitty Tyrrell,
Next week you'll be Mistress Malone.
Mavourneen, you'll be my own Mistress Malone.

TUNE ON YE FLUTE, ... "God Save ye Queene."

By ye Noted Fluter,

JOSEPHUS CYRUS ARLIDGE.

SONGE,.. .. .. "True, true, till death,"

EZEKIEL CURREN.

Here will I pledge thee dearest one,
Here will I vow ere day be done;
Deeper the shadows fall from the trees,
Stirred to and fro by the evening breeze.

True, true, till death, true, true, till death,
Bear it O wind on your lightning breath,
Bear it O stream on your bosom tide,
Echo it, carry it far and wide.

Here will I pledge thee dearest one,
For I must leave thee all alone;
Dark is the forest, dark is the shore,
Loud beats the storm and the waters roar.

True, true, &c.

---

a { Fugue Tune, - "Invitation"
b { Anthem, - "Strike ye Cymball."

BY ALL YE MENNE AND WOMENNE SYNGERS.

a—FUGUE TUNE, ... "Invitation,"

Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short ye hours o' thy delay;
Flie like youthful Harte or Roe.
Over ye hills where spices growe.

Ye Bass Syngers.—Flie like a youthful Harte or Roe.
Ye Treble Syngers..Flie like a youthful Harte or Roe.
Ye Tenore Syngers....Flie like a youthful Harte or Roe.
Ye Alto Syngers..... Flie like a youthful Harte or Roe.
All ye Syngers.—Over ye hills where spices growe.

b—ANTHEM, ... "Strike ye Cymball"

Strike ye cymball, roll ye tymball,
Let ye trump of triumph sound;
Powerful singing, headlong bringing,
Proud Goliath to ye ground.

From the river rejecting quiver
Judah's hero takes ye stone;
Spread your banners, shout hosannas,
Battle is ye Lord's alone.

See advances with songs and dances,
All ye band of Israel's daughters;
Catch ye sound you hills and waters,
Spread your banners, shout hosannas,
Battle is the Lord's alone.

God of thunder rend asunder,
All ye power Philistia boasts;
What are nations? What their stations?
Israel's God is Lord of hosts.

To the dust Jehovah brings,
Praise Him, exulting nations, praise,
Hosanna! Hosanna!

SONGE,—"She wore a wreath of Roses." *J. P. Knight.*

HEZEKIAH RICHARDS

She wore a wreath of roses
The night that first we met,
The lovely face was smiling
Beneath the curls of jet;
Her footstep had the lightness,
Her voice the joyous tone,
The tokens of a youthful heart
Where sorrow is unknown.
I saw her but a moment;
Yet methinks I see her now,
With her wreath of summer flowers
Upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms
When next we met she wore,
Th' expression of her features
Was more thoughtful than before;
And standing by her side was one
Who strove, and not in vain,
To sooth her, fearing that dear heart
She ne'er might see again.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now
With her wreath of orange blossoms
Upon her snowy brow.

And once again I saw that brow,
No bridal wreath is there,
The widow's sombre cap conceals
The once luxuriant hair.
She weeps in silent solitude,
And there is no one near
To press her hand within his own,
And wipe away the tear.
I see her broken-hearted, yet
Methinks I see her now,
In the pride of youth and beauty
With a garland on her brow.

SPOKE PEICE, (Recital)—"The Vagabond"—*Trowbridge*

By ye Noted Readist,
DEMOSTHENES PARR.

A DITTIE, ... "Ye Maide of ye Mille."—*S. Adams*

JOSHUA TAYLOR.

Golden years ago, in a mill beside the sea,
There dwelt a little maiden, who plighted her faith to me;
The mill-wheel now is silent, that maid's eyes closed be;
And all that now remains of her, are the words she sang to me.

CHO.—Do not forget me! Do not forget me!
Think sometimes of me still,
When the morn breaks, and the throstle awakes,
Remember the maid of the mill.

Leaden years have passed, grey-hair'd I look around;
The earth has no such maidens now, such mill-wheels turn not round,
But when e'er I think of Heav'n, and of what the angels be,
I see again that little maid, and hear her words to me.

CHO.—Do not forget me, &c.

a { Fugue Tune, - "Cousin Jedediah."
b { Chorus, - "Now tramp o'er Moss and Fell,"

BY ALL Ye MENNE AND WOMENNE SYNGERS.

a—Fugue Tune, ... "Cousin Jedediah,"

Oh! Jacob, get ye cows and put them in ye pen,
For our cousins are a-coming to see us all again;
Ye dowdy's in ye pan, and ye turkey's on ye fire,
And all we must get ready for Cousin Jedediah.

Ye Bass Synger.—Cousin Jedediah,
Ye tenore Synger....There's Hezekiah,
Ye Alto Synger.....And A-za-riah,
Ye Air Synger..... And Aunt Sophia,
Ye Bass Synger..... And Jedediah.

All ye Syngers—All a coming here to tea.
Oh, won't we have a jollie time,
Oh, won't we have a jollie time,
Jerusha put ye kettle on,
We'll all take tea.

Now Obed wash y'r face, boy, and tallow up y'r shoes,
While I go to see Aunt Betty, and tell her all ye news;
And Kitty grease y'r hair, and put on y'r Sunday gown
For Cousin Jedediah comes right from Boston towne.

Ye Bass Synger—Cousin Jedediah, &c.

And Job you peel ye onions, and wash and fix ye taters,
We'll have 'em on ye table in them shiny painted waiters,
Put on y'r bran new boots, and y'r trowsers in ye straps
And Sophia'll take a shine to yew, if yew look real slick perhaps.

Ye Bass Synger—Cousin Jedediah, &c.

Tell Josh to put ye colt in ye double-seated chaise,
Let him just card down ye cattle, give 'em a little hay ;
I'll wear my nice new Bell crown I bought o' Old U-ri-ah,
And I guess we'll astonish our Cousin Jedediah.

Ye Bass Synger—Cousin Jedediah, &c.

b—Chorus,--"Now tramp o'er moss and fell."--*Bishop.*

Now tramp, tramp, o'er moss and fell,
The batter'd ground returns the sound,
While breathing chantlers proudly swell ;
Clan Alpines cry is win or die.

{ Guardian spirits of ye brave,
{ Victory o'er my hero wave.

These two lines will be sunge by Dame Cheerful Jenking, Dame Sprightly Parker, and Rosehanna Shaw

---

Two Parte Songe, ..."Army and Navy."

Sunge by { JOSHUA TAYLOR, Soldier.
{ ZEBEDIAH CURRAN, Sailor.

Soldier.

Oh ! give me the tented field
With martial colors flying,
As long as my arm can yield
The sword at my girdle lying.

Sailor.

Let me have the rolling tide:
The chase, the raging battle,
The roar of the bold broadside,
And the sound of the cannon's rattle.

Soldier.

Oh the soldier's life for me.
The march and the bugle sounding.

Sailor.

But a sailor's bold and free
As the barque on the ocean bounding.

Soldier.

Tho' the same green turf we tread
May be the soldier's pillow.

Sailor.

Tho' the blue sky overhead,
And beneath, the trackless billow.

Both.

Still a sailor and a soldier knows no fears,
When the signal calls to battle,
And the music that he hears
Is the sound of cannon's rattle.

Soldier.

We'd die for our native land,
As our sire's of old before us
In the fame of our patriot band,
And the banner that waves o'er us.

Sailor.

And while woman's voice can cheer
Britannia's bold defenders
Shall make her foes to fear
The flag that ne'er surrenders.

Soldier.

Oh! a soldier's life for me,
And a soul with ardour burning.

Sailor.

Oh! a life on the rolling sea,
Yet for some bright smile returning.

Soldier.

'Mid the brave I'd take my stand,
The army now and ever.

Sailor.

In the cause of our future land,
Be the navy mine for ever.

Both.

For a soldier and a sailor knows no fears,
When the signal calls to battle,
And the music that we hear
Is the sound of the cannon's rattle.

a { "Rule Britannia."
b { "God Save ye Queene."

a—A Goodlie Songe ... ... "Rule Britannia."

Which HEZEKIAH RICHARDS will synge, in clothes worn at Waterloo, and all ye Menne and Womenne Syngers will join in ye Chorus.

When Britain first a heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land
And guardian angles this the strain
CHO.—Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
Brirains never, never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free
The dread and envy of them all.
CHO.—Rule Britannia, etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that tares the skies
Serves but to rock thy native oak.
CHO.—Rule Britannia, etc.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bare the down
But will arouse thy generous flame
To work their woe and thy renown.
CHO.—Rule Britannia, etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
CHO.—Rule Britannia, etc.

The muses still with freedom found
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Blest Isle with beauty—with matchless beauty crown'd
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
CHO.—Rule Britannia, etc.

God Save ye Queene.

Everybody must stand up when God Save ye Queene is being sunge.

The Costumes worn at this Concert, are from the Establishment of

WALTER & SMITH,

Costumers,

27½ Seaton Street.

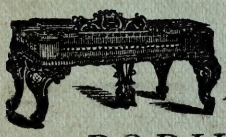
WILL SHORTLY REMOVE TO 162 ADELAIDE ST. WEST.

The Star That Leads

THE

"DOMINION"

PIANO AND ORGAN COMPANY.



MAKERS

TO THE

PEOPLE OF CANADA

BY

POPULAR APPOINTMENT.

The people of Toronto selected from December 1st, 1885, to December 1st, 1886, "Dominion" Pianos for

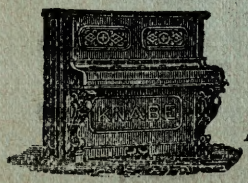
Sixty Four

of their public Concerts, and from December 1st, 1886, to the present date, (less than five months) they choose "Dominion" Pianos for

Ninety Two

Public Concerts,—thus showing the increased popularity of these instruments.

They are now the most popular and widely used of all large Musical Instruments in Canada. The bitterest partizan Musicians and Pianists, do not fail to acknowledge the special and important excellencies of the "Dominion Instruments."



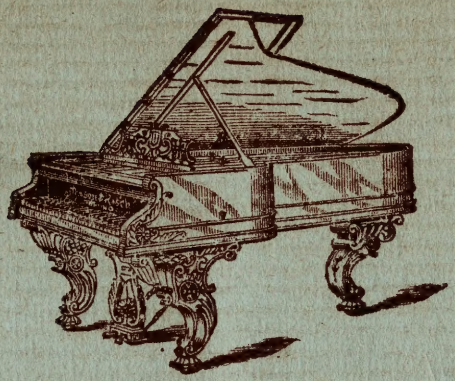
We Challenge the severest critical inspection.

EXPERTS, MUSICIANS AND VISITORS

INSPECT AND ARE CONVINCED

Always the largest stock and the greatest variety and styles of Pianos and Organs in the city to select from.

Ruse's Temple of Music, 68 King St. W.



IT HAS BEEN THE AIM

—OF—

MASON & RISCH

TO CONSTRUCT

FIRST-CLASS PIANOFORTES

NOT SIMPLY IN NAME, BUT IN FACT.

Despite the increasing temptation to cheapen work—which in the face of keen competition, and the oft-recurring demand for reduced prices, is no easy matter—they have steadily maintained the high standard of excellence which they determined upon, at the beginning of their manufacturing career.

The Result is seen to-day

in the increasing demand for their instruments, and the enviable reputation which they have attained in England, Germany and the United States.

Their success in London last year was phenomenal—the leading Artists and Musical authorities testifying to their excellence in the most flattering and unqualified terms.

A Mason & Risch Piano can, therefore, be selected with the utmost confidence that it is one of the best Pianos now made.

MASON & RISCH,

32 KING STREET WEST.